

Re. Review (Jr.)
8/87
A

POETICAL ADDRESS
TO THE
LADIES
OF
BEDFORDSHIRE.

" O Fairest of Creation ! last and best
" Of all God's works ! Creature, in whom excell'd
" Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
" Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !"

MILTON

L O N D O N,
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

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2 E 1 D A

RECEIVED FOR DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE



NOTED

L O D N

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

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A D D R E S S.

'Twas Nature's voice that

Breatb'd in all she spoke: 'Twas Nature too

That flush'd her cheek with undissembled charms,

That pour'd o'er all her soul, o'er all her form,

Truth unaffected, graces unadorn'd.

I AM sure that every Gentleman will most heartily allow, that a virtuous, beautiful, and sweet-temper'd Woman, is the loveliest, and most desirable object in the whole visible creation.

But as to the personal beauty of the Fair Sex, I shall at present say little, but to what is of far superior

superior dignity and importance, I mean their mental accomplishments. And here, Gentlemen, I hope you will allow, that the various species of knowledge, and the degrees of enlargement and elevation of which the Female Mind is capable, are not much, if at all, inferior to those of which Men are susceptible: nay, we must even confess, that many of them rival you in the endowments of the mind; and that, in the amiable and sympathetic qualities of the heart, they generally surpass you.

The most effectual way to exalt the Ladies to their full, proper, and indeed natural influence in Society, would be to give them a more useful education; and to amend the general manners of the Men; exciting them to truly noble pursuits, and to a due regard for the dignity of their rational nature.

Every one will allow, that the Ladies are the
very soul of company; they give it whatever
to requit shape

shape or complexion they please. Beautiful, virtuous, and enlightened Women are to society, what the Sun is to the natural, or Virtue to the moral world.

All who surround them experience the genial mildness of their influences. To Women, therefore, alone belongs the empire of the world. Men in general are but subjects. Women reign supreme; for the Ladies not only polish and enliven society, but may really also be accounted the great springs which set it in motion.

Animated Ladies and Gentlemen! with the review of our *Elizabeths*, *Annes*, *Catherines*, and other renowned Females, can we help regretting that so few amiable, lovely Women, sufficiently and properly consider their own worth; and the vast, the endless capability of expansion and elevation of their rational, or their immortal nature? Why, alas will so

many of them trifle away their time, nay their whole life, in useless, destructive, or at best very unsatisfactory vanities; in attending to their personal beauty, to which they can make no addition; wholly neglecting the enlargement and elevation of the mind, the culture of the heart, and the regulation of its passions?

A certain great Writer has observed, that a fine Woman's last sigh is more for the loss of her beauty than for her life. Would to God it were deeply impressed on the heart of every Female, that a beautiful face, or person, no farther deserves praise, homage, or admiration, than as the indication or tenement of a beautiful soul, and a good heart!—May we not, therefore, with truth infer, that a beautiful vicious Woman is a very monster in nature?

CLARINDA.

FOR thee, CLARINDA, for thy sweet accord,
Whose kind acceptance is my great reward;
'Tis thee who first call'd forth this weak design,
From whose indulgent beams I hope to shine;
In whom's contain'd the sum of man's desire,
Whose virtues temper, and whose beauties fire:
Oh, let those brows which now in arches rise,
And clothe with dignity thy brilliant eyes,
To crush iniquity and folly join,
And frowns indignant second every line!
Arm'd with thy graces, then my happy page
Shall both adorn, and rectify the age.

Go on, my Muse—pursue the ardent lay,
 And seek the Town, where dwell the rich and gay.
 The Town I seek; but, oh! what forms arise!
 What wond'rous scenes appear before my eyes!
 Idol of Fools at whose glad summons come,
 The painted Crowds, when folly beats her drum;
 Who bolder seek the higher roads to shame,
 And tread more Fashionable paths to fame;
 Then on these lines, your kindest influence shed,
 And let them be the Fashion to be read—

Various have been the Stratagems and wiles
 Display'd by Poets, to obtain your smiles;
 Some there are implore in whining style,
 That tender pity may your hearts beguile,
 Bespeak applause by way of deprecation,
 And think that Fame, is Charity's donation;
 Patient to your decision, I'll submit,
 Nor wish to bribe the arbiters of wit.

If Strephon smiles, as I your praise rehearse, A
It crowns with immortality my verse.

When F—y smiles, whose worth deserves these
lines,

What heavenly charms in all its splendour shines;
The graces wanton in her laughing eyes,
Sweetness ethereal in her face resides;
In ev'ry ringlet, Cupid proudly shews,
Zones to enchain her num'rous captive beaus:
Angelic worth, the sunshine of her mind,
Beams from her looks with radiance unconfin'd,
Each smile a conquest makes—each frown is
death,

The plighted lover here, would break his faith,
Had love-sick bards, and painters too inspir'd
Each to portray what fancy most desir'd;
Devoutly here they'd kneel, and hail'd the maid,
Goddess of Charms, which art had ne'er por-
tray'd;

A perfect model of great nature's skill,
 Rear'd for her sports, to shew how charms can
 kill,

Mark SACHARISSA should'ring thro' the fair,
 In all the gaudy insolence of air,
 Dullness supine, conspicuous folly, sit
 In every cloudy feature of this—Wit;
 Pleasure she takes in every dispute,
 Bright for a moment, for an hour a mute:
 Some praise her silence; but the rest can see
 She lies in ambush for a repartee,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost,
 In her alone its empty praise we boast.

But, hark! methinks far other sounds I hear,
 More pleasing accents strike the happy ear,
 CORDELIA join to unaffected ease
 No less desire, than a power to please;

Whose

Whose conversation keep an even pace,
 Dissent politely, and accord with grace:
 Go on bright nymph instruct the lovely fair,
 Bid them forsake the toilet's idle care;
 Learn to improve and cultivate the mind,
 To shine like thee, exalted and refin'd.

Lo! IPHIGENIA, so young, so fair,
 Her from half-naked, with a mind as bare;
 The smile of conscious beauty in her face,
 The step of invitation in her pace,
 Had she thy prudence, would she grin and stare
 At every fool—of whom she should beware?
 With all that insipidity of face,
 For affability mistake grimace?
 Would she exert the utmost of her skill,
 To shew the company she can't sit still;
 Unless when BILLY DIMPLE simpers out,
Upon my word—indeed, Miss—without doubt?

Had

Had she thy dignity, each flutt'ring elf,
 Would shrink to nothing, or, what's worse,
 himself.

With every charm and virtue at her call,
 What shall we say, if IPHIGENIA fall?

OPHELIA ! how shall I touch thy name,
 Such worth and beauty, modesty and fame ;
 Your shining reason, that with sense aspires,
 And pants and glows with the seraphic fires !
 Methinks I see thee, in a charming grove,
 Thy thoughts unbent, and soften'd into love :
 Just at thy feet a crystal current glides,
 And tinkling thrills along its silver tides ;
 High o'er embrac'd, the spreading trees above,
 In twining folds, among each other rove ;
 Whilst gentle zephyrs with their branches play,
 And fan the influence of the God of day.
 Whate'er was fabled of the dames of old,
 What Homer, Virgil, or bright Ovid told,

Meet

Meet all in thee; for in thy charming breast
The love of Venus, sense of Pallas, rest.

Forth from her toilet, with a Civet smell,
SEMPRONIA comes—that antiquated belle!
Passion with her still keeps the upper hand,
Unless when passion does her pence demand;
Pleasure and Avarice in her we see
Go hand in hand, and perfectly agree;
To market waddles through the rain and plash,
There with her hoop, and with her huge calash,
Will sport a penny, if a pound can save,
A hack to pleasure, and her purse's slave.

Behold yon beauteous Maid, with grace she
moves!

The very image of the God she loves;
In all the gay attire of Courts she shines,
And gilds the day with pearls of Indian mines:
If she but shew herself, each swain admires,
And in his breast are kindled wanton fires;

With

With melting love the swains for SALLY burn;
 And, as her God, she's worship'd in her turn:
 Plays, Masquerades, Balls, and Assemblies share
 The little time the Goddess has to spare.
 These, and idolatry, her hours employ,
 Her circle this, of Virtue, and of Joy.

Early this morn, (a time to Muses kind)
 Willing to draw a fair-one to my mind;
 Wise without pride, without coquetting fair;
 Chaste as the unblown rose, yet free as air;
 In language easy, in her temper sweet,
 And moderately learn'd, and simply neat;
 Her nature soft, as every blooming grace;
 Her virgin soul, as spotless as her face:
 Let ARAMINTA's strange cosmetic art,
 Colour and fire to lifeless charms impart;
 Soon will those borrow'd airs destructive prove,
 And pall the fancies they awhile may move,

While

While she alone, in native charms array'd,
 Defies the washes' false superfluous aid :
 No wanton arts employ her happier care,
 Sweet without pride, and innocently fair.
 True, on her face vermilion shades appear ;
 But Nature 'twas, not Art, that fix'd 'em there :
 But when I on the picture thought, I cry'd,
 No such can be—and flung my pen aside :
 My Muse then kindly whisper'd—Such can be,
 Bade me CLARINDA write—and this was she.

FLAVIA each easy open heart beguiles,
 Not by the craft of wisdom, but of smiles ;
 Your friendship gain'd, like a young lover cloy'd,
 She quits the prize, for new ones unenjoy'd.
 Should shallow Fops appear, as such there are,
 Adieu to *Strepbon*, they engross her care :
 Farewell to hope, the short-liv'd passion's o'er ;
 Adieu to smiles, she thinks of you no more.

What

What she so warmly wish'd, with care she shuns,
 And flies your walks, as debtors' scape from duns.
 Yet still 'tis kindness, tho' the mode's revers'd,
 As her last favour's greater than her first.

Oh ! that I had but gentle SEDLEY's art,
 To move the Passions, and to warm the heart ;
 Could my faint strains, like gentle WALLER's
 move,
 I'd paint the Girl, the blooming Girl of love.
 Buxom and lively as the bounding doe,
 Sincere and artless, and to pride a foe ;
 Fair as the morn, sweet as the flow'ry vale,
 Mild as the breeze, that wanders o'er the dale ;
 Adorn'd with ev'ry requisite to please,
 With blooming youth, and unaffected ease ;
 Renown'd for all that's good, to make thee shine,
 Youth, Beauty, Wit, and Innocence combine ;
 Here nature's Master-piece at once we view,
 And all her choicest gifts pour'd out on you :

Watch her ye *Sylphs*, that hourly guard the fair,
 Keep from approaching ills, your darling care;
 Each Youth with me shall join to sing thy praise,
 Repose and Peace crown all *ASPASIA*'s days.

Beauty, and Wit, command without controul,
 Escape no eye, but pierce thro' every soul;
 True love inspires the Heart of them that gaze,
 Such is *FIDELIA*, whom I wish to please;
 Youthful and blooming, free from ev'ry care,
 Since *HELEN*, none more delicate and fair;
 Nature indulgent, gave her ev'ry grace,
 A thousand charms adorn her angel face;
 Ye powers above, I here invoke your aid,
 Defend from ev'ry harm, this lovely maid.

SYLVA, from day to day, supinely sits;
 But blame her not, for Work would give her fits:
 Thought and reflection, that would kill her
 quite;

The less she thinks, the more she is polite:

That SYLVA's idle let it not be said,
 She'll use her needle to adorn her head,
 Three hours in ev'ry day extend her arms,
 T'adjust her dress, and beautify her charms.
 SYLVA her head may dress, or square, or round;
 For mark, ye Swains, she's worth five hundred
 pound;
 The depth of SYLVA's learning would you know,
 Read o'er her Billet-doux, and that will show,
 What solid sense and erudition shines,
 In all the sweet incomparable lines:
 For thus they run: "*Dere sur, I yours recev'd,*
 And all your *prodestasbuns* then *belev'd,*
 But o how *fatblis* to your word you prove;
 How *fals* is all your *vous* of *constent lov*
I du purtest"—But hold! enough is said,
 To prove that SYLVA's perfectly well bred.
 Now think, ye Swains, of SYLVA's matchless
 charms,
 And gain the lovely fair-one to your arms.

Believe

Believe she'll prove a most accomplish'd wife,
 And make you wond'rous happy for your life :
 But look before you leap, for I'm mistaken,
 If SYLVA's Husband ever claims the bacon.

Mark MATILDA in rays of beauty shine,
 And fond of dress, she thinks herself divine :
 But too much sense of her perfections are
 Her innate foible, and her constant snare ;
 Jaunty she moves, with affectation tread,
 Her feet polite, regardless of her head.
 When in the circle, with triumphant scorn,
 She sips her tea, and censures in her turn ;
 " O Lord ! " she cries, " do mark the *monster* man !
 " I hate the *bearded thing* " — then cracks her fan.
 Some Ladies, smiling at the sugar'd treat,
 And others simpering, own'd it vastly sweet.
 Lo ! sprightly S — has lively wit to boast,
 And best to please us when we hear her most :

On every feature's stamp'd ingenuous grace ;
 She bears her honest heart upon her face :
 The blooming lustre of her cheeks disclose,
 The radiant tincture of the blushing rose ;
 The Ebon tresses of her curling hair,
 Luxurious floating on the vivid air ;
 Defy with pride a RAPHAEL's matchless skill,
 Nor yield a victim to a THOMPSON's quill :
 Ev'n PARIS, had he seen your radiant eyes,
 Then VENUS had not gain'd the golden prize.
 Oh ! may these lines be honour'd with thy view
 How great their ornament, if read by you !

DORINDA moves with dignity and ease,
 While thousand Cupids revel in her face ;
 Each in his turn to please his Mistress tries,
 And darts his arrows from her lovely eyes :
 Ambrosial sweets are center'd in her breath ;
 Pressing her lips, you'd calmly smile at death,

In Waller's easy and harmonious lines,
Bright SACHARISSA boasts unrivall'd sway ;

In lovely MIRA softer splendor shines,
Mild as the evening-star at close of day :

The Muse with equal justice tunes the lyre,
Pleas'd to behold each lovely Grace in you ;

But whilst from Fame you modestly retire,
You, MIRA, by superior skill subdue.

Let others by false arts, and empty airs,
Hope with a fond pre-eminence to reign ;

True merit MIRA's lasting value bears,
Scorning the cheap applauses of the vain.

Blest with good sense, with elegance and ease,
With every winning art, and virtuous grace ;

That envy'd secret you have found to please,
Without the art of painting of your face.

Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can
bear ;

Who can resist fam'd CELIA the fair ?

She

She smiles, then frowns, and, as her passions
change,

Uncircumscrib'd the fair-one loves to range:

When pleas'd, how kind, how charming she
appear!

Displeas'd, tyrannic, and a look severe.

Some do suspect the Nymph not over good;

And they may be mistaken, if they should.

In vain her eyes with coquetry she arm:

Her sly advances are to us no charm:

For pleasure form'd, of scandal not afraid,

Still you must think that CELIA is a maid:

She oft submits to venture in the dark;

And nothing then is wanting, but her spark.

Hail, lovely PHOEBE! hail, celebrated fair,

For ever charming, and for ever dear!

Ye Maids of Helicon, an awful throng,

Ye Loves and Graces, all assist my song!

But

But why should I your needful aid require,
 Or ask th' assistance of a faithless fire ?
 Her beauty, sure, can better warmth infuse,
 Direct the Poet, and complete the Muse :
 PHOEBE's the theme, which cannot fail to please,
 Sense with the Graces, dignity with ease ;
 Looks strongly piercing, as the Bird of Jove ;
 Address insinuating, soft as love ;
 Politeness, such as art can ne'er bestow,
 And from the well-turn'd mind alone can flow.
 If these do form a character complete,
 All these in PHOEBE you are sure to meet.

Mark HEBE too, as gay as all the rest,
 Her head adorn'd with lawns, and brilliants drest ;
 Her age eighteen, the very prime of life,
 To conquer hearts, or make a prudent wife :
 She joins the gay, the wealthy and polite ;
 And who can doubt but charming HEBE's right ?

There's

There's snarling Simon says (but that's not fair)

What right have Ladies, pray, to borrow hair?

But we reply to this invidious prig,

What right has he to wear a borrow'd wig?

Ask you her fortune?—Monstrous ungentee! !

“ Ask my Papa, I'm sure he best can tell.”

A wealthy Merchant he; for, as I hear,

He rents at least full seven pounds a year;

High are his taxes; but it must be said,

His greatest tax is pretty *HEBE's bead*.

Mamma remonstrates; but she talks so queer,

Miss can't approve, nor will her reason hear.

“ Why, child, before I was your Father's wife,

“ I led a very diff'rent sort of life;”

HEBE replies, “ Mamma, it may be so;

But then you liv'd full fifty years ago:

Then might you safely turn the spinning-wheel,

And not be counted very ungentee;

But

But now the world much more polite appears,
 For fashions alter in a round of years :
 Thus trades increase, the poor are daily fed,
 And thousands get their living by the *bead*.
 Mamma, if you the matter understood,
 You must approve, since 'tis for public good."

Thus HEBE'S tongue with deepest wisdom
 flows,
 And proves that every age much wiser grows ;
 Nor had her pretty clack been ever still,
 But that the Mercer enters with his bill ;
 Papa is call'd, the *items* for to pay ;
 He shakes his head, and begs the man to stay.
 But ere one sorrowful misfortune's past,
 Another trouble comes with posting haste :
 The Landlord calls, demands his yearly rent ;
 The Merchant's cash is on the Damsel spent.
 He pleads for respite, but the 'Squire denies,
 Miss hangs her gew-gaw head, and Mamma cries.

The

The Bailiff enters—Oh, the fatal stroke !

The Damsel's ruin'd—for her Papa's broke !

Be warn'd, ye heedless Parents, of your fate ;

Repent your folly ere it be too late :

For once may kind advice with you prevail !

Nor let your Daughters' heads exceed their tail,

In times like these, when all is so refin'd,

'Tis rude to talk to Ladies of the mind ;

Hast not thou seen **LUCINDA** of the plain,

Envy'd by Nymphs, admir'd by ev'ry Swain ?

What sparkling Graces round the charmer play,

The soul of wit, and glory of the gay !

Her lovely looks a sprightly mind disclose,

Quick as her eyes, and as unfin'd as those :

As Kings to Courtiers, she her smiles extends ;

Ofte she rejects, but never once offends :

They seem fair emblems of Elysium's bliss,

And give to all a scene of happiness ;

Her

enT

Her sense to circling ages long will reign,

And all the force of majesty maintain,

There's **LUCIA** too, a Maid, you may be sure;

Her age a trifle—she's not quite threescore;

Her head adorn'd, behold the ponderous load!

All round the pile ambrosial flowers strow'd.

Her wrinkles smooth'd, how charming she ap-
pears!

And who would deem her more than twenty years?

At **Venus'** shrine she most devoutly bows,

And prays the Goddess for a youthful spouse:

The Goddess hears, and **DAMON** wooes the Maid;

But oh, how soon the charming Fair's betray'd!

As on they walk, and tales of love repeat,

The rustling winds the hapless lovers meet:

Off flies the Frizzer's toil—O ruthless fate,

And terrible to think!—she shows her —;

DAMON

DAMON, confounded, flies the wither'd Maid;
 But LUCIA stays to gather up her head.
 Ye Maids who've past your zenith, hear my tale,
 And bind the load before you meet the gale.

MARIA, this offering of my Muse receive,
 Nor scorn the tributary lays I give;
 From you my humble lines protection claim,
 As yet inglorious, and without a name.

Oh, would the Gods my feeble thoughts inspire,
 And warm my ravish'd breast with equal fire;
 Your heav'nly beauties in my verse should shine,
 And Pope's harmonious numbers yield to mine!

Bright as the Sun her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the Sun, they give the heart delight;
 Roses and lilies, every beauteous flower
 That springs in woods, or meads, or sweetest
 bower,
 Shew them her face, they'll dying own her
 power.

To beauty wit she joins, with happy ease;
And, when she chuses, never fails to please.

By nature form'd of perfect shape;
By prudery turn'd a female ape;
By canting principles refin'd;
By nature fram'd of double mind:
In gesture starch, revers'd, and flat;
In thought, in action—*mum for that*;
Severely plagu'd with envy's phlegm,
Ready by wholesale to condemn.
With every neighbour's works acquainted,
Whether they sinner it, or saint it;
Slander becomes her ready tongue,
And round the tatling world is rung.
Poor peevish antiquated Virgin,
To find the men no longer —
Advise all, with just decorum,
To wait as she has done before 'em:

To

To every candid thought estrang'd;
 To a mere lump of malice chang'd;
 At either sex alternate rails,
 As spleen or calumny prevails;
 Thinks ev'ry Nymph a base Coquette;
 Paints ev'ry Swain as black as jet;
 Laughs at the simple fools she cheats,
 And flies to study new deceits.
 Is there a Nymph whom this can fit?
 Yes!—HECATE justly answers it.

Lo! CORINNA, exempt from all these crimes,
 At once the charm and honour of the times!
 No sumptuous ornaments allude her eyes;
 Clear as her mind, she's free from all disguise:
 Her bright idea strikes the soul with pain;
 Yet still we love, and glory in the chain:
 Her radiant eyes, the shafts of Cupid's dart,
 Imprint devotion, and inspire the heart:
 Her sparkling wit gives pleasure to the gay;
 And pointed judgement, truth and virtue play:
 To

To her may thronging clouds of blessings haste,
Too numerous to count, too great to waste!

DELIA the Fair has some grains of sense,
Mix'd with abundance of impertinence.

Your eyes have lustre, DELIA—What of that?
Since all thou speak'st is naturally flat:

Suppose a shape, and that your face is fair;
Yet every step has the flirtation air.

Brilliant thou art, no pains or labour spare
To deck thy mind—be't' thy peculiar care.

Look on the modest, sensible and gay;
What pregnant thoughts their sentiments display!

Their rules, their themes, their laws, and modes,
pursue;

Then will the Graces terminate in you.

See fair LAVINIA in the bloom of youth,
Enchanting beauty (that we hold a truth!)

Her eyes have charms to captivate the young;
And sweetest music dwells upon her tongue:

But then she has no mercy, for she'll spare
No pains or cost to kill us with her air.

But, happy for us, error is her guide :

Our life is owing to LAVINIA's pride.

Had she remain'd in Nature's artless dress,

The graceful ringlet, and the falling tress

Upon her bosom playing, we had found,

Like Cupid's darts, had never fail'd to wound.

But since LAVINIA's crest so high is set,

The little God of Love can't thither get :

Abroad she goes to conquer hearts by dozens,

And thinks to gain more sparks than all her
cousins.

No captive's made; tis fear'd her heart will break :

LAVINIA knows, from me, her sad mistake.

FLORELLA's blooming looks, and snowy breast;

Her bright and sparkling eyes, and shapely waist;

Majestic moves amidst the splendid throng,

And claims the merit of my vent'rous song.

Her

Her sense as blooming as the sweets of May;
 Her mind extensive as immortal Gay;
 Grandeur, with sweetness join'd, in her appear,
 Which fills the mind with reverence and fear.
 Where'er she deigns to touch the warbling
 strings,

And to the notes harmonious numbers sings,
 The soul does with the thrilling music fly,
 Melt into pleasures, and in raptures die;
 None can behold her without secret joy,
 The beauties of her mind can never cloy.
 May I presume, and yet not give offence,
 To claim attention to plain common sense;
 Some flying strokes, to set my mind at ease,
 Must not disgust you, if they will not please;
 Only proceed while simple truths arise,
 To flames condemn me, if I ill advise;
 May I but prove as pleasing as sincere,
 Like Hammond nervous, accurate, and clear;

Like him, I'd wish my doubtful course to guide,
 'Twixt dull stupidity and letter'd pride;
 Sharp, not too wounding; lively, not too gay;
 My Wit should strike, where He should point the
 way.

Ladies there are, who love such lines as these,
 Drawn for instruction, with desire to please;
 Ladies who read, (for some such few there are)
 I wish may think me, worth their time and care:
 First, then, I grant the lovely Sex what's due,
 To thousands of examples, good and true;
 Next let me beg, each angry Fair, would stop,
 And look a moment in yon Hatter's shop,
 See how his Customers around him flock,
 See how he claps each beaver on its block;
 This fits yon fellow, and that his brother,
 But never was design'd for one or t'other;
 This like the button, and that the brim,
 But yet the hat was never made for him;

So if some characters should chance to hit,
 Should some imaginary beaver fit,
 'The fault must surely lie in them that take 'em,
 I took no measure, but at random made 'em;
 And once for all, where praise is not the theme,
 The rest is nothing, but a Poet's Dream.

Mark! honest CHARLES, a friend of mine,
 Enjoys a *bel-esprit*—almost divine;
 And who can doubt but CHARLES is truly bless'd,
 His pretty comfort is so richly dress'd?
 CHARLES for the wants of life takes prudent care;
 JULIA neglects them, to adorn her hair.
 He urges, 'tis her business to attend
 Household concerns, and her assistance lend:
 JULIA presumes they're much beneath her state,
 And most genteelly leaves them all to KATE.
 CHARLES rises early, nor indulges sloth;
 JULIA at ten, and then exceeding loth:

She'll dine at three; at five completely dress'd,
 To pay her visits, or receive her guests.
 What costly brilliants shine amidst her hair,
 And beam around with peerless lustre there!
 Like Young's rich peacock, see what glories run
 From pearl to pearl, and vary in the sun!
 She, conscious of her state, her crest displays,
 And proudly moves amidst the waving blaze.

How happy CHARLES! the neighb'ring ma-
 trons cry'd:

How happy CHARLES! the rustics all reply'd.

CHARLES heard their whispers, and sincerely
 pray'd,

That might be true, which every body said.

But CHARLES is taught in sage Experience' school,
 And wiser far than every staring fool;

For thus to me his plaint was lately made,
 As he and I were walking the parade:

" Ah!

" Ah ! honest Dick, the world believes me blest;
 That all my life's a scene of joy and rest;
 That JULIA's most accomplish'd and divine;
 And much I'm envy'd, now the Angel's mine:
 But I'm convinc'd, a gaudy form will prove
 No solid basis for a lasting love."

Be not by gay appearances betray'd,
 But prove the soul, before you wed the Maid:
 If there bright virtue, wisdom, prudence reign,
 Make sure the Girl, although her dress be plain,
 The soul thus ornamented, you'll be right,
 Though out of taste the Nymph, and unpolite.

When skilful mothers, form the mind with ease,
 And ductile nature, takes what shape they please;
 When rising Charms invite the eager-kiss;
 Give the sure earnest of a sweeter bliss;
 From Girls with hearts all bouncing at a ball,
 Flatter'd by many, and admir'd by all:

With nice instruction, thus maternal care;
 Teaches the Daughter how to catch an Heir.
 My Girls, attend—the 'Squire dines here to day,
 Her's be the prize, who minds what I shall say!
 Fear not, you know the Squire is almost blind,
 We'll hide defects of body and of mind.
 SALLY, I'm sure you will contend in vain,
 Unless your frowns, and temper you restrain;
 NANEY, I've padded both your stays and Gown,
 Pray strive to keep your hip, and shoulder down;
 Ten thousand blessings wait on Lady Crump,
 Who first came hither in a Horse-hair Rump;
 Contriv'd economy to undermine,
 By some wry Duchess with a Shape like thine;
 So loose, so bundling—It is hard to guess,
 Whether it hides an arrow, or an S.
 Tall and genteel—wear, SALLY, what you
 please,
 A Jesuit, Brunswick, or a Polanese;

Laced in those garbs, tho' fair, each short fat
charmer,

Looks like a mummy, or a hog in armour.

But Girls are now grown quite above direction,

Nor even suit their colours to complexion;

This with a countenance as white as milk,

To mend the matter, wears a scarlet silk;

I vow, one scarce refrain to cry aloud,

See the full moon, just peeping through a cloud,

Absurdities so glaring all must see,

For dress and conduct be you rul'd by me.

But pr'ythee NANCY, do not look so mild,

Ah! you're too tender for this game my child;

Away with Love, or you will feel his dart,

Alas! I fear my Girl your tender heart;

I once was courted, and full well remember,

To all but Wealth, my heart was like December,

To each fond Lover, senseless as a log,

Whate'er he was, I us'd him like a dog.

Should this rich booby some attention pay,
 With head averted, look another way;
 Fools should be always treated with neglect,
 The worse they're us'd, the greater their respect;
 But men of sense, must not be manag'd thus,
 The 'Squire's an ass—And he's the man for us.
 SAL, if thy face should make the monkey stare,
 While NANCY watches him—You blush with
 care;
 Such prudent conduct will secure the game,
 The loser in her turn, shall play the same;
 Mark! if thro' envy—you betray your plan,
 In vain you'll spread each snare, to catch your
 man,
 Humble your looks, and modest your address,
 Hope much, think more, talk little, and laugh
 less;
 Now let me see, who best can play her cards,
 But above all—Be ever on your guards,"

This is the Doctrine that the matrons preach,
 These are the Lessons which your Tutors teach;
 The charming creatures learn and practice
 young,
 When they've the sanction of a Mother's tongue.

Come then, CLARINDA, let us learn from
 hence,

And tread again the paths of solid sense;
 Oh! blest with all that can thy sex endear,
 A temper gentle, and a heart sincere!
 Rich in each bright perfection of the mind,
 Yet to the failings of a sister blind;
 Good without boast, tho' virtuous, yet no prude;
 Polite, yet easy, free, yet never rude.
 Say then, CLARINDA, to what point does tend
 Each busy scene,—and where is it to end?
 The point in view, is to become a Wife,
 That first grand business of a woman's life.

And

And surely Heav'n, when Appetite it gave,
 Design'd enjoyments, as it taught to crave,
 The thirst of Knowledge, Providence combin'd,
 With parts extensive, and an ample mind;
 Ordain'd sensations, in a due degree,
 But Matrimony is the Master Key.
 Many then think the task of life is done
 But more discover, it is just begun.

Next, let us search from whence their sorrows
 flow,
 And trace the source of matrimonial woe;
 The states of marriage are in three express'd;
 Insipid, wretched, and supremely blest'd.
 In various objects, though the same our view,
 Some favourite paradise we all pursue;
 Whilst all our faculties to this attend,
 Too eager for the means, we lose the end.

Some

Some wed for wealth, and some for friendship
try;

Few wed for love, and more they scarce know
why :

All gain the wish'd-for point, but not content,
Expecting more, are baulk'd, and so repent.

Should those, whom wealth and indolence allure,
Should they e'er murmur, if they are not poor ?

Or those who beauty catch, complain to find,

A handsome form contains a vicious mind ;

With equal reason would our wishes hold,

To pay for gilding, and to hope for gold :

With equal reason might we search, in THEE,

For pride, for folly, or for vanity.

Many disguise their weakneſſes with art,

Nor ſpeak, 'till join'd, the language of the heart ;

Then, not till then, they open by degrees,

Ceſe to be pleas'd, and loſe the power to pleaſe ;

Though

Though I allow, it is no easy thing
 To keep good-humour ever on the wing:
 For times there are, the languid spirits die,
 And the foul sickness, though we know not why.
 When every faculty has lost its power,
 Good sense alone sustain that evil hour:
 For all our reason, all our strength it calls;
 The wisest staggers, but the foolish falls.

This wants a name,—'tis something just be-
 tween

A man's ill-humour, and a woman's spleen;
 In passion ever by the first surpass'd,
 With too much feeling to be call'd the last:
 Bred by content, satiety's its nurse,
 And peace, and quiet, only make it worse;
 Whate'er it is, it is a curst evil,
 Be it the spleen, the vapours, or the devil.

Of all the spectres in the female dream,
 Envy's the worst to disconcert a scheme ;
 Thee, good BELINDA, will that fiend pursue,
 Nor even spare such excellence as you :
 You, whose good-humour can but match your
 sense,
 Who never yet was known to give offence.

See with what rancour, Beauties Beauties
 meet,
 And pass with scorn each other in the street ;
 See proud AURELIA on that Lady frown,
 That Lady wears a curious muslin gown ;
 Why views NASINDA, with indignant eye,
 That little sempstrefs who is passing by ?
 Can you not tell from what her spleen arose ?
 That little sempstrefs has a pretty nose ;
 With twenty *monkey-puppies* at her tail.
 Why looks CALISTA all at once more pale ?

Close

Close by her elbow, charming M—D—E goes,
 Each lip a cherry, and each cheek a rose.
 Why flash the lightnings from MERTILLA'S
 eyes?

What dire offences give her fury rise?
 Majestic W—L—R, on the full parade,
 Before her face imperial charms display'd;
 W—L—R, who ravishes the eye and ear,
 And fills the soul with reverence, to hear.

Two states are fung:—the last demands my
 pains;
 The best, the purest of the theme remains.
 Mark! one is left, that one so much admir'd,
 By few accomplish'd, though by all desir'd.
 O *Happiness!* for ever plac'd on high,
 Beyond the reach, yet always in the eye;
 Seldom, how seldom, with the present join'd,
 Just gone before, or else just left behind;

Though

Though true and perfect here, deny'd to man,
 Yet let us come as near thee as we can.
 All universally agree in this,
 That those best know the height of human bliss,
 Whose hearts united, ere their hands are join'd,
 Taste the celestial union of the mind :
 These still may love, whatever ills they know,
 In health, in sickness, and in spite of woe.

Oh Woman, Woman, Woman ! all the Gods
 have not such power of doing good to Men, as
 you of doing harm !

Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom you
 trust ;
 Did you but think, that Fools are seldom
 just ;
 So many of your sex would not in vain
 Of faithless Men, and Wedlock's chains com-
 plain.

Of all the various wretches Love has made,
 How few have been by Men of Sense betray'd!
 Convinc'd by reason, they your power con-
 fess, and fess, }
 Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
 And, conscious of your worth, can never love
 you less. }

Rowe.



F I N I S.

E R R A T U M.

Page 11, l. 2, for *from*, read *form*.